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espies them ; and, moved by pity, sends his messengers to them with a boat, stored with comforts for their voyage. In it they embark ; and, when out upon the wastes, they behold the Queen OENE approach. Humility is in her demeanor, and as she sends after the lovers a parting song, they know she has learned of love, and won a soul.

This is a hurried outline of a work which, if properly illustrated, would da-guerreotype Arctic Beauty in all its characters and wondrous nature. The poem appears anonymously, only in a small edition for private circulation, and we may have outstepped propriety in giving it this public notice ; but feel that, since it is so closely linked to Arctic life and scenery, our discourse on Arctic Beauty would have been incomplete, without reference to the romance which is hidden in those dreary waters. We are pleased to learn that the forthcoming "Life of Dr. KANE," by Dr. WILLIAM ELDER, of Philadelphia, will contain the poem at length, in the Appendix. It will form not the least attractive feature of that record of the Arctic Hero and Explorer.

03

Whistling girls and crowing hens
Always come to some bad end.

In one of the curious Chinese books recently translated and published in Paris, this proverb occurs in substantially the same words. It is also an injunction of the Chinese priesthood, and a carefully observed household custom, to kill immediately every hen that crows, as a preventative against the misfortune which the circumstance is supposed to indicate. The same practice prevails throughout many portions of the United States.

We do not see why, if crowing hens are disposed of for fear of misfortune, "whistling girls" should not also be made the subject of visitation. They are rather in high favor. Witness the popularity of the song, "Whistle and I'll come to you." A girl who can whistle, has music in her of no common kind, that is evident ; and the "bad end" she comes to is, generally, to whistle her way into some old bachelor's bosom. Pretty bad place, but a spot into which a great many "unprotected females" would be most glad to find an asylum—particularly if it was accompanied with a fine suit of rooms, and servants to match !

X DUSSELDORF SCHOOL OF ART.



O the connoisseur *au courant* with the progress of modern Art, the origin and present condition of the Dusseldorf School of Painting are of course familiar ; but, as it has sprung into existence and risen to celebrity within the last forty years, and as the rare collection of pictures recently purchased by the "Cosmopolitan Art Association," is the only exposition of its works ever opened in this country, it is presumed that the following brief outline of its history will be interesting to a majority of the visitors of the "Dusseldorf Gallery."

It is somewhat strange that Dusseldorf, the capital of the inconsiderable Duchy of Berg, in the Rhenish provinces of Prussia—a town of little note, dignified by no historical associations, situated on the monotonous flats of the Rhine, far below the region of its grandeur and enchantment, with nothing to boast of in the way of palaces, churches, theatres, or ruins—the great staples of continental cities—should, nevertheless, be the seat of a school of painting, perhaps the most conspicuous on the Continent, and which has aided in giving stability and strength to the most important movements in the history of modern Art. It is true that a famous collection of pictures once adorned the walls of the electoral palace ; but the palace was destroyed in 1794, by the French, and the pictures were removed to Munich. It was long after their removal that the school began to flourish and become prominent. It seems to have found some congenial influences which are hidden from common observation, and make up for the apparent deficiencies of the place. Perhaps the artists who have congregated in so unromantic a locality have been urged to greater efforts after ideal beauty by the very presence of the natural barrenness which surrounds them.

CORNELIUS, to whom, we believe, belongs the honor of the foundation of the school of Dusseldorf, was a native of the town. Though little known in this country, his name stands at the head of the modern German painters, especially of those who, in immediate connection with him, broke through the conventional mannerisms by which the genius of artists was trameled

and the spirit of Art degraded, and, in opposition to academies and professors, sought a freer field for the exercise of "the gift and faculty divine" of which they were the possessors. Of these men, Cornelius, Overbeck, and Schadow were the most distinguished. They met at Rome, whither they had gone for a common purpose—that of seeking among the works of the greatest masters for the truest inspiration. They regarded themselves as the martyrs of the modern license which had usurped the places and authority of Art. Overbeck had, in fact, been expelled from the Academy of Vienna, for exercising that independence of thought which never fails to excite the horror of old "foundations." He had taken refuge from the academicians, amongst the grand memorials of the early painters of Italy. He found kindred spirits in his countrymen, banished, like himself, by the assumptions of the German schools, and, like himself, in quest of a purer standard of taste and a more congenial field of labor.

Under such circumstances, it was very natural that they should go from one extreme to the other ; from the ultra-modern to the ultra-medieval ; from the redundancies of style which were nearest to them in point of time, to the simplicity and sincerity which were furthest off—even beyond the period of highest excellence, quite back to the time of Giotto. Equally natural was it that they should have found in their new associations, controlling motives of life, higher than the standards of artistic taste. The "old masters" led them to the old faith. They exchanged the German Lutherism for the more vivid ritual of that church over whose altars, and in whose aisles, and sacristies, and cloisters, they had studied the works of the masters of their adoption, and found in their pure and simple creations not less the inspiration of genius than the fervor of unaffected faith. Cornelius was born a Roman Catholic. A large number of his fellow-students in Rome, including Overbeck and Schadow, were converted to Romanism, and, as a matter of course, went far beyond him in devotion to their new faith. Their fanaticism, however—for with some it reached that point—gave new ardor to the zeal with which they devoted themselves to their art.

A school of painters formed under such influences, and animated by such inducements, could not have failed of success.

Their extravagance was not of a kind to interfere with their progress; for it was the extravagance of simplicity and adherence to the real forms of nature. It was the imitation of a former style, it is true; but that was better as a foundation than conformity to any modern standard.

The King of Bavaria, whose abdication and downfall ought to be lamented by all the painters and paint-brushes in Christendom, visited Rome about 1820, during the residence there of these new enthusiasts of the old school. He adopted their notions of Art, and, what was more to the purpose, adopted a great number of the Artists themselves, and proved a constant and munificent patron of their labors. To him, more than to any other man, Germany is indebted for the success of modern Art. Munich is full of the pictures of Cornelius and his disciples, painted under the auspices and directions of Louis of Bavaria.

But to come back to Dusseldorf. Soon after the consummation of the new movements at Rome, and the accession of King Louis, Cornelius was established at Munich, and Schadow, his co-worker, was appointed Director of the Dusseldorf Academy; to which he immediately communicated the spirit and style which they had both adopted, and by means of which a new impulse had been given to German art.

It was thus that the Dusseldorf school derived the distinctive peculiarities which characterize its works of sacred art. Schadow, since he has been at its head, has devoted himself almost exclusively to the painting of purely religious pictures; and some of the best productions of the Academy have been of this description. The school, however, has been by no means confined in its labors, or in its reputation, to this department of art. Some of its most distinguished artists are painters of historical pictures, landscapes, and still life. Many of them are Protestants, and ultra-Protestants; the religious opinions of both sides of the school being sharpened by contact with each other. At the head of the latter class stands Lessing, who has acquired a great reputation from his pictures of the scenes and heroes of the Reformation, and who is looked up to as the head of the Protestant branch of the Academy.

The Dusseldorf Collection, now in possession of the "Cosmopolitan Association," is one of unusual magnitude and

comprehensiveness in the way of art; or in fact, a *revelation of a whole school of painters*, whose existence, until within the last few years, has been almost unknown to the general public of this country. When the exhibition was first opened in New-York, it comprised only a few pictures, and was not enriched by the productions of the most eminent artists of the Academy. These minor specimens of the school proved, however, in the highest degree acceptable, not only to the *dilettanti* but to the popular taste. Their striking fidelity to nature, in drawing, coloring, and expression, was universally appreciated; and the American public, charmed with the inkling they had obtained of the new school, became eager to extend their acquaintance with its productions. Under these circumstances, new paintings, many of them by the greatest names of the Academy, were from time to time added to the Gallery; until at length Lessing's last and greatest work, "The Martyrdom of Huss," and Sohn's enchanting picture of "Diana and the Nymphs," crowned the attractions of the exhibition.

Variety is one of the most pleasing characteristics of this renowned collection. It embraces all classes of subjects, from the sublime to the grotesque; and the light and humorous pictures appear to be as perfect in their way as the grander works of art, which illustrate striking events in sacred and profane history.

Fastidious must be the taste which cannot find in the Galleries objects of study and admiration. It forms a grand centre around which artists may gather, and from which they may draw many lessons—it offers an "Academy" where the public may gather, to learn of Art the mission of the Beautiful. No collection ever received more encomiums from connoisseurs and the press; yet we prefer to let it tell its own story—to rest upon its merits, rather than to forestall opinion by quoting columns of expression, from the highest sources, in its praise, as might be done.

ART IN LONDON.—BAYARD TAYLOR lately paid a flying visit to London, and thus writes of American Artists and English Art:

"Church's picture of Niagara has just arrived, and has been seen by a few connoisseurs, though there has yet been no public exhibition of it. I have heard but one opinion in regard to it. The exhibitor

told me that Ruskin had just been to see it, and that he had found effects in it which he had been waiting for years to find. I am sorry that it is shown by gas-light, in a darkened room. Church's pictures will all bear the daylight; he needs no artificial trickeries of this kind. Some English artists had been, a few days previous, questioning me about landscape art in America, and I am delighted at being able to point to such a noble example in justification of my assertions. Cropsy, who is now living here, has a very fine autumnal picture in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. I believe he is doing very well. Hart, the sculptor, has been settled here for more than a year past, and his admirable busts are beginning to excite attention. I wish I had time to speak of Millais's "Sir Isumbras," about which one hears the most conflicting opinions, and Rosa Bonheur's wonderful picture of "The Horse Fair." But as the latter is owned by an American, you will see it some day or other. I have seen nothing of Landseer's which at all approaches it."

Church evidently has made a grand hit in his "Niagara." The forthcoming engraving of it will be looked for with no little interest by the American public. The picture, we believe, will remain in the hands of its present owners, WILLIAMS, STEVENS & WILLIAMS.

The New-York *Mirror* gives us an anecdote of Rogers, the Poet-Banker and great patron of Art and Literature, lately deceased. In the latter years of his life his memory became weak and defective, although, by one of those freaks which govern Mnemonics, it would recall circumstances which occurred years ago with distinctness, only that the past appeared to his "mind's eye" like the present. Not long before his death, he had a long and pleasant interview with an American publisher, in the course of which Rogers said: "You are a bookseller, I believe, Mr. X; and there is a clever American author, some of whose works I have read with great interest; his name is Mr. Alexander Hamilton. If he should publish any new volumes I wish you would send me a copy." If Shakspeare located Bohemia on the sea-coast, we see no good reason why Rogers should not be allowed the privilege of making Hamilton a contemporary with the author of "the House of Seven Gables."